

**Something Told the Wild Geese**

Something told the wild geese  
It was time to go.  
Though the fields lay golden  
Something whispered,—“Snow.”

5 Leaves were green and stirring,  
Berries, luster-glossed,  
But beneath warm feathers  
Something cautioned,—“Frost.”  
All the sagging orchards

10 Steamed with amber spice,  
But each wild breast stiffened  
At remembered ice.  
Something told the wild geese  
It was time to fly,—

15 Summer sun was on their wings,  
Winter in their cry.

—Rachel Field